

Grand Opening of Fall and Winter Dry Goods at M. M. Knight's,

STOWE STREET, WATERBURY, VT.

We can now show the largest line of Fall and Winter Goods ever exhibited in this section. Our

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT!

is full of all the new styles and fabrics of the season. Elegant Brocade Velvets in all the popular colors, and a very full line of the celebrated Nonpareil Velveteens. We are also throwing out

Some Drives in BLACK SILKS!

Prices—\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00. They are as good value as can be found in New York or Boston markets.

We Cannot Mention All the Lines of Goods We are now Offering, but Would Simply Invite All to Come and Examine Them!

We have one of the largest assortments ever shown in Northern Vermont now on exhibition in

OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT!

including all the new and elegant styles made this season in Ladies', Children's and Misses' Cloaks, and ranging in prices from four dollars to fifty dollars each.

Ladies Desiring a First-Class Garment

either for themselves or children, should not fail to examine the goods in this department before purchasing.

For the Children.

For the Vermont Watchman.

"A BOY'S WILL IS THE WIND'S WILL."

BY MAUDE MERRITT.

Old farmer John on the door-yard gate,
Leaned heavily and long;
While the winds from over the western hill,
Bore on their wings a song.
The voice was full of a boyish glee,
And wild was the merry tune;
And the breeze was heavy as it could be,
With the odor of scents of June.
But farmer John was only wrath,
With the boy, and song, and breeze;
As he watched the shadows along the wood,
Creep out from among the trees.

"It is time the critters were home," he said
In a voice that was harsh and shrill;
"I sent him for 'em an hour ago!"
Ah, a boy's will is the wind's own will!

"A boy's will is the wind's own will!"
Let him sing while his heart is free;
For his thoughts will be long, long thoughts, I trow,
In the years that are yet to be.

Bartley the Bear.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone. "I have eaten my first and last dinner at the same table with that boy."
"And yet," continued Mrs. Stone, after a pause, "I need not speak so positively, for who would suppose that I should ever have dined with him at Judge Harrington's?"

"I presume he was included in the invitation to his father and mother," said Mrs. Hope.

"No," Mrs. Harrington told me herself he was most particularly not invited (she never can remember that I am related to the family), but Mrs. McDonald brought him because, as she said, he had set his heart on coming. He likes to play with little Oscar Harrington, because Oscar is so much younger than himself that he can make him do as he pleases. But he wouldn't eat at the second table with Oscar and Maggie. Oh, no! he was too big a man for that, so Mrs. McDonald said, and so he was crowded in between his mother and myself, and in consequence of his elbows, and his general misbehavior, I scarcely knew what I was eating. When his soup was brought he stared at it awhile, and then refused it. 'I don't take that kind of soup,' said he to the waiter; and, turning to me, he added that he didn't like vermicelli soup, because it looked to him as if it were made of worms."

"But you ought to take it, whether you like it or not," said I, in an undertone.
"I don't go for worms in such little foolish matters," returned he. "I rather have dry bread than vermicelli soup, any day." When fish was brought he descended to take that, though he informed me that it hardly paid to eat fish, there were so many bones in it.

"Take your time," said I, "and the bones won't do you any harm."
"But he proceeded to eat as if there were only five minutes for refreshments, and, in consequence, he was choked directly. His mother was dreadfully alarmed, but after making some hideous noises, he managed to get rid of the bone. When turkey was brought he stared at it and remarked that he didn't like dark meat. 'Give that to somebody else,' said he, 'and give me mine all breast.'"

"Suppose every one said that?" suggested I.
"I don't care what other people say," returned he. "All I know is that when I want a thing I generally manage to get it. What funny people they are," continued he in a loud whisper, "to have apple jelly with their turkey. Cranberry sauce is ever so much better."

"Nevertheless he helped himself to an immense quantity of jelly, spilling ever so much on the tablecloth as he did so."
"There! see what you have done," said I. "Be more careful another time."
"I don't care! I ain't the washer-woman here," returned he, grinning.

"At any rate, keep your elbow out of my ribs," said I.

"The table ain't long enough," observed he.

"The table is plenty long enough," returned I, "but there is one too many on this side of it."

"He made no reply to this, but soon afterwards he spattered my new silk dress with gravy, and I verily believe he did it on purpose."

"Beef a la mode," said he, as he was helped to that. "I don't like it if there is much onion about it."

"Where was Mr. McDonald all this time?" exclaimed Mrs. Hope.

"He, unfortunately, was not present—had been kept away by business. Mrs. McDonald said, 'Bartley, you don't think beef a la mode is good for you. You had better eat something else.'"

"This decided Bartley to eat beef a la mode, onions or no onions."

"Bartley," said I, "don't you think you had better set up as a juggler. You would make such a good knife swallower."

"I know what you mean," returned he, "but I think it is all foolishness to pretend that forks are better to eat with than knives. Anybody that's tried 'em both knows better than that."

"I let him alone after this, for though I spoke in an undertone, he answered aloud, and I did not care to attract the

attention of the whole company. When the dessert was put on I thought my troubles were ended, for instead of eating his nuts and raisins, Bartley merely stuffed them by handfuls into his pockets. But after supplying himself in this way, and giving one or two prolonged yawns, he remarked that he would make some music for the company, and accordingly began to amuse himself by running his forefinger around the rim of his finger-bowl, keeping it up until the noise became so intolerable that Mrs. Harrington herself was obliged to tell him she thought the company had had music enough. I had the dyspepsia for a week afterwards, in consequence of eating while in a state of such discomfort, and yet that boy's mother actually proposed to me yesterday, for the second time, to go to her house to board."

"Perhaps she wants you there to regulate Bartley," suggested Lucy Hope.

"That she doesn't!" She informed me once, after I had suggested to Bartley to take his hat off when he came into the parlor, that when her son seemed to need instruction of that kind, she preferred giving it to him herself. I replied that I had given her time to speak before I said a word, and that Mr. McDonald had requested me to speak to his son just as I would to a child of my own. Then I went on to say that I believed half the boorishness that people had to suffer from in the world, was owing not so much to natural depravity as to want of teaching."

"What did she say to that," asked Lucy.

"She said 'Humph!' replied Mrs. Stone—Clara Marshall, in Christian at Work.

One Hundred Years Ago.

It was the 25th of November, 1783—a brilliant day, that an excited crowd surged and shouted about Mr. Day's tavern in Murray street, near the road to Greenwich. Cunningham, the cruel and vindictive British provost-marshal, stood at the foot of the dais, from which floated the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic. "Come, you rebel cur!" he said to Mr. Day. "I give you two minutes to haul down that rag—I'll have no such striped clout as that flying in the face of His Majesty's forces!"

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly. Cunningham turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I'll haul it down myself," and, seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came down thwack! thwack! upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not twenty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city that had occupied for over seven years. But Cunningham, the provost-marshal, who was still angered by the thought of his discomfiture at Day's tavern, declared roundly that no rebel flag should go up that staff in sight of King George's men. "Come, lively now, you blue jackets," he shouted, turning to some of the sailors from the fleet, "Unreeve the halyards, quick; slash down the pole; knock off the stepping-cleats! Then let them run up their rag if they can." His orders were quickly obeyed, and the marshal left the now liberated city. In a few moments, Colonel Jackson, halting before the flag-staff, ordered up the stars and stripes.

"The halyards are cut, colonel," reported the color-sergeant; "the cleats are gone, and the pole is aloofed!"

"A mean trick, indeed," exclaimed the indignant colonel. "A gold jacobus to him who will climb the staff and reeve the halyards for the stars and stripes!"

"I want no money for the job," said a young sailor-lad as he tried it manfully once, twice, thrice, and each time came slipping down covered with slush and shame. "I'll fix 'em yet," he said. "If ye'll but saw me up some cleats, I'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the stories from 'Sopos to Sandy Hook!'"

Ready hands came to the assistance of the plucky lad.

Then, tying the halyards around his waist, and filling his jacket-pockets with cleats and nails, he worked his way up the flagpole, nailing and climbing as he went. And now he reaches the top, now the halyards are rove, and as the beautiful flag goes fluttering up the staff, a mighty cheer is heard, and a round of thirteen guns salutes the stars and stripes and the brave sailor-boy who did the gallant deed.—St. Nicholas for November.

New Advertisements.

The Best Saw in the World.



Why It is the Best:

It will cut faster than any other saw; it will cut easier than any other saw; it is kept in order easier than any other saw; it is made of the best spring steel; and it is tempered and ground by the most skilled workmen.

ALL KINDS AND LENGTHS SOLD BY

D. L. Fuller & Son, - - - Montpelier, Vt.

DISEASE CURED

Without Medicine.

A Valuable Discovery for Supplying Magnetism to the Human System. Electricity and Magnetism Utilized as Never Before for Healing the Sick.

THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO'S

Magnetic Kidney Belt

FOR MEN IS

WARRANTED TO CURE, OR THE MONEY REFUNDED.

One medicine: PAIR IN THE BACK, HIPS, HEAD OR LIMBS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, LUMBAGO, GENERAL DEBILITY, RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, SPINAL DISEASES, TORPID LIVER, GOUT, SEMINAL ENFEAblement, IMPOTENCY, ASTHMA, HEART DISEASE, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, ERYsipelas, INDIGESTION, HEMIA OR RAPTURE, CATARRH, PILES, EPILEPSY, DUMB AGUE, etc.

When any debility of the GENERATIVE ORGANS occurs, Loss of Vitality, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Wasting Weakness, and all those diseases of a personal nature, from whatever cause, the continuous stream of Magnetism permeating through the parts must restore them to a healthy action. There is no mistake about this appliance.

TO THE LADIES: If you are afflicted with Lame Back, Pain in the Loins, Weakness of the Spine, Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Barrenness, and Change of Life, this is the best appliance and curative agent known.

For all forms of Female Debility it is unsurpassed by anything before invented, both as a curative agent and as a source of power and vitalization.

For the treatment of the following diseases, \$10, sent by express C. O. D., and examination allowed, or by mail on receipt of the price of the appliance, and a guarantee of the power residing in our other Magnetic Appliances. Positively no cold feet when they are worn, or money refunded.

NOTE—Send one dollar in postage stamps or currency (in letter at our risk), with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our Magnetic Shoes, and be convinced of the power residing in our other Magnetic Appliances. Positively no cold feet when they are worn, or money refunded.

THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO., 315 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

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A. C. BROWN'S

Insurance Agency,

MONTPELIER, VT.

Capital Represented, \$150,000,000.

In these days of doubt and uncertainty in business, especially in the standing and solvency of Fire and Life Insurance Companies, the attention of insurers is respectfully called to the following list of reliable and substantial Companies represented in this Agency.

Life Company.

Connecticut Mut. Life Ins. Co.

OF HARTFORD.

A. C. BROWN, General Agent for Vermont.

Thirty-fifth Annual Statement.

Assets, December 31, 1880, \$49,492,829.28

Surplus, 2,381,155.46

Ratio of expense of management to receipts, 7.7 per cent.

Fire Companies.

Northern Insurance Company

OF ENGLAND.

Organized in 1836. - Assets, \$28,225,596

Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Comp'y

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Organized in 1825. - Assets, 1,500,000

Philadelphia Fire Association

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Organized in 1830. - Assets, \$4,000,000.

Insurance Co. of State of Penn.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Organized in 1794. - Assets, \$600,000

New York City Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

Organized in 1872. - Assets, \$425,000

The Royal Insurance Comp'y

OF ENGLAND.

Organized in 1845. - Assets, gold, \$30,000,000.

London & Lancashire Ins. Co.

OF ENGLAND.

Organized in 1861. - Assets, \$7,500,000.

Commercial Union Ass'ce Co.

OF ENGLAND.

Organized in 1861. - Assets, \$19,351,671.

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y

OF ENGLAND.

Organized in 1852. - Assets, gold, \$10,000,000.

La Confiance Insurance Co.

OF FRANCE.

Organized in 1844. - Assets, gold, \$5,700,000.

Continental Insurance Comp'y

OF NEW YORK.

Organized in 1852. - Assets, \$3,100,000.

Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

Organized in 1872. - Assets, \$900,000.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD.

Organized in 1850. - Assets, \$1,500,000.

Travelers' Insurance Comp'y

OF HARTFORD.

Paid-up Capital, \$600,000. Assets, \$4,955,950.42.

Secure a General Accident Policy for a specified sum to be paid in case of death by accident, or a weekly indemnity if the injury wholly disables the insured from his employment. It will be written for one or more months of a year, as may be desired, and the cost is so low as to place a comfortable insurance within the reach of almost every man whose time and labor are of any value to him and his family. One in sixteen of the insured have received cash payments under their accident policies.

Large risks placed at a moment's notice, and at equitable rates. Losses adjusted and paid at this office, and due notice of expiration of policies given. Correspondence, and orders by mail or telegraph, faithfully attended to.

A. C. BROWN,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,

Montpelier, Vt.

THE WHITE

IS KING.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN USE IT.

THE WHITE

King of Sewing Machines.

It has the only perfect AUTOMATIC BOBBIN WINDER ever made, winding every bobbin as smooth as a pool of silk.

It has the best EMBROIDERER in the world. It will do the widest range of work, and is the LIGHTEST RUNNING machine in the market. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.

CLARK & FREEMAN,

163 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

The White machines are sold in Waterbury, Duxbury, Waltham, Moretown, Stowe, Bolton and Fayston by J. C. GRIGGS, Waterbury, Vt. All letters of inquiry in regard to the White will receive prompt attention. A good assortment of machines constantly on hand at my store.

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